

TRANSPORTERS will please bear in mind that their advertisements cannot appear in this paper without first being paid for in advance. This rule will be strictly enforced, without respect to persons.

No name for either the Daily or Weekly Journal, will be entered on our list without payment being made in advance, and the paper will, in all cases, be discontinued when the time paid for expires.

Oct. 29, 1897.

There is a Governor to be Elected.

In the excitement growing out of the contest for the Sheriffship, there appears to be some reason to fear that the Governor's election will be forgotten or neglected. Whether or not the office of Sheriff be worth all that it is sometimes said to be worth, is more than we can say; but this much is certain, that it is a good office and well worth having, and we do not blame any of the gentlemen running, either for seeking it, or for doing their best to obtain it. It is natural.

But the thing is this: These gentlemen and their friends will set their claims before the people and urge them to go to the polls in their support. No fear but that will be attended to. But that is a matter in which we do not care to interfere. We have a candidate for whom we feel at liberty to say all we can—who deserves all we can say for him, and is worthy of all the support of every Democrat and every conservative man in the State. That candidate is JOHN W. ELLIS, and he is running for the office of Governor of North Carolina. Let no Democrat, or conservative man of any party, forget that much. Vote for Ellis sure, and then vote for Sheriff as your better judgment, not your passions or prejudices may lead you. But remember first to VOTE FOR ELLIS—to WORK FOR ELLIS; for, be assured, the office of Sheriff is not enough to obtain plenty of people to work for it; but the Democratic candidate for Governor is in a distant part of the State, finishing up a most toilsome canvass—one which tries the health and the endurance of the strongest. He has little in common to give or get. He is simply the representative of principles and measures—the standard-bearer of the Democratic party in the present canvass; and while he is working in one direction, he must throw himself upon his friends to work for him in another. Upon their fidelity to principle he places his trust—a trust which ought not to be, and must not be betrayed.—Daily Journal, 31st ult.

From the Daily Journal of the 31st ult.

We have learned with regret, that a ticket is out and in circulation, bearing the name of John Shepard, Esq., of Holly Shelter District, as a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons from this county.

Mr. Shepard was in Wilmington on Monday last week, and in our office, and talked with both the Editors of this paper freely and openly—more especially with the Associate Editor, in whose company he was for some considerable time, and yet not the slightest intimation was given by him, nor a word dropped to indicate any such idea or intention on his part, although the approaching election was one of the topics of conversation. Under these circumstances, the high respect we have always entertained for Mr. Shepard, and the feelings of friendship which have always subsisted between him and both the Editors of this paper, constrain us to believe that Mr. Shepard is ignorant of this move, and that his name must be used without his consent, if even with his knowledge.

No good purpose can be served by using harsh expressions or denunciatory language, and we do not feel inclined to use them, any more than we do to withhold our unqualified disapproval and reprobation of a movement which is totally at war with the organization of the Democratic party, calculated to promote divisions and distractions, to generate hard feelings, to perpetuate old styles and reopen wounds now happily healing up. It will not do. The Democrats neither of town nor country can begin to sanction it. Organization apart, it is unjust to the regular candidates to spring upon them, or any of them, opposition at this late day, when they have fulfilled their engagements and retired to their homes after a fatiguing canvass of the county. It smacks too much of that class of "Know Nothing" tactics of which men of all parties, Democrats and their opponents alike, now regard with disfavor.

With the gentlemen engaged in this movement we have nothing to do. We would not denounce, we would reason with them. We would appeal to their better judgments. We would respectfully ask them to weigh the probable, and the inevitable results of their course. Should they succeed, their triumph would be one over no Democrat could in his calmer moments rejoice, by which he must hereafter feel pained, as by a triumph over the organization of his party. Should they fail, as they must do, the result might be more immediately mortifying, but could hardly be more permanently injurious to them.

Of what they complain we know not, and do not care to inquire, but we sincerely wish them—some of them, at least, friends whom we like and esteem, to pause before irrevocably committing themselves to a step which we feel certain they will hereafter regret. We beg of them to pause before placing their and our friend, Mr. Shepard, in a false position, one which will be at variance with all his past course as a Democrat, and as a Convention man.

As we have already remarked, we do not care to inquire what private griefs, or feelings may be involved, if any, but this we do know, that the county ticket for the Legislature is one altogether worthy of the confidence of the Democratic party of New Hanover county. One about whose soundness and devotion to principles and to the best interests of the county there can be no question; and one which, in point of ability can compare favorably with any delegation likely to be sent from any county in the State.

We have before endeavored to impress upon the Democrats of this and the other counties of the district, that the only way to make assurance perfectly sure would be to do their full duty as party-men—to go to the polls—to let no apathy come over them, and then no danger could arise. This warning comes now with double force.

TO THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

LOOK FOR OPPOSITION.

On Saturday last we took occasion to speak of an opposition got out to the regular nominees of the Democratic party of this County. We said that tickets were out with the name of John Shepard, Esq., of Holly Shelter, for a seat in the House of Commons.

No strange did this seem that some even doubted the accuracy of our information. We truly wish that we had been mistaken, but we regret to say that it is even so. That this move has been made, and further that bills were out yesterday announcing the fact; besides, we learn that these bills have been sent all over the County, and will no doubt be posted up at every precinct.

If we could now employ stronger language in reprobation of this movement than we did on Saturday we would do so. If we could say more than that it is wrong, it is undemocratic, it is disorganizing, it is unjust, we would say so. If we could use stronger language of remonstrance with the gentlemen connected with this movement, we would do so. We would appeal to them—to all Democrats—to look at the effects of the movement. We are all fighting for the success of John W. Ellis, the nominee of the Democratic State Convention for the office of Governor. We all regard this move-

ment made by Mr. McRae as wrong, as injurious to the Democratic party. Will we or any of us sanction any such movement in our own county? Can any of us do so without convicting himself of the grossest inconsistency? We all fought for and triumphed with James Buchanan, the nominee of the Democratic National Convention, and we are proud of it. The principle is the same in this case. We are as much bound in good faith to support Messrs. Moore and Bryan for the Commons, as we were to support Mr. Buchanan, or as we are now to support Judge Ellis.

Nay farther, this movement in opposition to the regular Candidates is unjust to them as men, as well as partisans. These gentlemen traversed the county from one end to the other—their names were before the people for months. Why were they not met fairly and openly on the stump? Why was opposition delayed until the nominees had finished their canvass and gone to the quiet retirement of their homes? We appeal to our fellow citizens of all parties if this is not wrong. If it is not wrong as between man and man, leaving party and party faith altogether out of the question. It is sprung upon these gentlemen when they have no opportunity to defend themselves. Surely the high-minded men of New Hanover will not sanction this. Surely no man would like to be so treated himself.

But our appeal is mainly to the Democrats of town and country. We ask them if they are going to permit their organization to be thrown aside—their strength to be weakened, their union to be lost, that the opposition, or portions of it, may rejoice over them? Surely they will not. We ask them to look back a few years and see the result of such a movement—to remember how the snap-judgment taken in the election of Mr. McMillan heralded the advent of Know Nothingism, of evil and distraction to the Democratic party and of heart-burnings in the community. We beg them to remember the position in which it placed Mr. McMillan himself. We ask every true friend of Mr. Shepard if they are willing to see him placed in that position.—We mention this with no desire to reopen old wounds—with no intention to reflect upon Mr. McMillan, who is a gentleman whom we respect, but simply for the sake of the warning it affords to the Democrats of New Hanover county. We ask them if the lesson it teaches is so soon to be forgotten? We ask them if they will allow the passions or prejudices of an hour, supposing such to exist, to influence any of them so far as to lead him to be a party to the infliction of an injury upon his party, and an injustice upon its nominees.

Why should not the regular nominees of the Democratic party be supported by all good Democrats in the county? Are they not good and respectable, and honest and intelligent citizens? Are they not true and tried Democrats? If they are anything else, we have yet to know it. Of what injustice can the friends of Mr. Shepard complain? Surely, his name was not even before the county Convention, and he could not have been treated with any injustice in that body. No, fellow Democrats, by sanctioning any such movement you will only be playing into the hands of your opponents; and, fellow-citizens of all parties, we ask if by going for a candidate thus sprung up, you will not be helping to destroy confidence and mutual reliance between man and man, and giving your approval to a mode of attack at which any one of you would feel hurt if used against himself. The golden rule, to do unto others as would that others should do unto you, is as high and imperative now as it was eighteen hundred years ago, and any violation of it is as wrong now as it would have been then.

We speak earnestly about this matter, both from a sense of duty and from a feeling of right, but we do so without bitterness towards the gentlemen engaged in it. Some of them at least, as we have said before, are friends whom we respect, but we feel none the less compelled to tell them that they are mistaken, fearfully mistaken in their course—that hereafter their own calmer judgments will assure them of the fact. We beg of them to pause and consider. Do not let us have this firebrand thrown into our ranks at this late day.

We cannot think that Mr. Shepard can be aware of or consenting to the use of his name in this connection, but whether he is, or whether he is not, that cannot alter the case or render less imperative the duty of every true Democrat in the county to vote the full Democratic ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,

HON. JOHN W. ELLIS.

FOR THE SENATE,

HON. WM. S. ASHE.

FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

GEORGE J. MOORE,

R. K. BRYAN.

Why should not this ticket be voted in its entirety? What objection is there to Mr. Moore or to Mr. Bryan? Are either less reliable Democrats than Mr. Shepard, or less intelligent men? The answer must be No! Then if party faith be anything—if party principles be anything, if party harmony be anything, if fair dealing be anything, let us appeal in the name of them all to our fellow Democrats of the county to go to the ticket through, and to allow no disorganizing movements to distract them.

Let us add this further. We feel the utmost confidence in saying, in fact we feel authorized in saying, that none of the candidates for Sheriff have any connection or sympathy with this movement. They all regret and deprecate it. Why should it not be dropped before any farther harm has been done?

The Disease among Cattle.

His Honor the Mayor requests us to state that he has been informed by the Messrs. Pettway, butchers in our market, that on Friday last they received a lot of cattle, one cow in which was affected with the disease which is now prevalent. The disease commenced spreading in the drove, and they sent them all out to pasture, being unwilling to bring any of the meat to market.

It would be well to observe the utmost caution in the use of beef until after the disease has passed away. We feel assured that none of our butchers would knowingly offer any doubtful meat, but still the fewest possible risks ought to be run, as the meat of affected cattle is highly unwholesome. No beef we understand is now sold in Columbia, and we notice the cards of several butchers in Savannah, announcing that for the present they will not offer any beef for sale.

Among the passengers by the Canada which sailed from Boston for Liverpool, on Wednesday the 20th instant, we find the name of Hon. Wm. S. Ashe for the office of Governor. We all regard this move-

Changes his Ground and Denies the Record.

Last week, on the 21st instant, we believe, Messrs. Ellis and McRae spoke at Webster, Jackson county, before a good audience, mostly Democrats. Mr. McRae told the people that he would go for further appropriations after his two years had expired. That they could not need it before. That he had expressed this sentiment all through the East. That the reason he had said there that the road would cost ten millions of dollars, and that the gap in the Mountains would "make the people's pockets gape wide open," was because he wanted to "calculate the cost," as a prudent man should do, when he undertakes a great work. He charged Judge Ellis with having been neglectful of their Railroad interests, when he made so low an estimate. That he [Mr. McRae] had the West and their Railroad interests "in his eye" when he made a larger estimate, and prepared the minds of the Eastern people for it—made them ready to face the music.

Was Mr. McRae really in favour of giving even farther than Judge Ellis in favour of grants to the West, while he was denouncing all grants, all taxation at the East. Were his fearful pictures of taxation—his opposition to any additional debts, appropriations or taxations only so many capital jokes never meant to be believed; or is his position in the mountains the joke, and his position in the East the serious one, or vice versa? Somebody will be mightily fooled by his witty changes.

But Mr. McRae, we understand, denied at Webster, and perhaps elsewhere in the West, the accuracy of the Journal's report of his speech at Clinton. The power of mountain air is wonderful—its alternative effects being credence. While Mr. McRae breathed the less elastic air of the East, he never offered any objection to that report, or to the positions assigned to him or given as his, and yet Judge Ellis read from that report at Moody Hall and elsewhere in the East. Nay, at the speaking in Halifax county, a good while after Mr. McRae was so kind as to make a very flattering allusion to the courtesy and fairness with which he had treated him. It is surely strange that he should never have discovered the inaccuracy of our report until he crossed the mountains, where that report was a record against him to prove his position in the East, a position to which he did not pretend to adhere in the West—which he contradicted in toto.—Daily Journal, 31st ult.

No Change.

Any idea or impression conveyed, or attempted to be conveyed, that Judge Ellis has changed, or intended to change, the position he assumed at Fayetteville, Clinton and elsewhere, is wholly a mistake. Immediately before the discussion at Asheville, which was marked by the propounding of certain questions to the candidates, by N. W. Woodfin, Esq., Judge Ellis referred to the report of his speech at Clinton, as containing a correct statement of his views. He has done so since—he will do so again, if called upon. His position towards the Fayetteville and Western road is, that it should have the same proportionate State aid that has already been given to either the N. C. Western Railroad, or the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Road; and that he will recommend the granting of such assistance by the next Legislature, if the credit of the State will admit; that is, in plain terms, if State bonds can be sold without a ruinous depreciation; and that they can be so sold, there is no doubt. The Observer permits its cantankerous spirit to make it out right and left—at friend and foe to its town, and if it had its own way, would have its readers to regard all mankind as the enemies of Fayetteville. We trust the people of the Town of Fayetteville and the County of Cumberland generally, will judge for themselves. The spirit of isolation, the feeling of suspicion fostered and fanned by the Observer never has done them any good, and never can do them any good. John W. Ellis stands today, with reference to the Fayetteville and Western Road and to all other matters, precisely where he stood when he spoke in Fayetteville some weeks since. We do not ask the Observer to go for Judge Ellis, we do not ask it to abate its rancor against Democrats, but we do ask it to refrain from "poisoning" its readers against everybody in all other parts of the State. We do not ask it to accord to any Democrat the credit of good motives. That its nature will not permit it to do, but we do ask it to permit its readers to accept frankly, offers of friendship or offers of justice, if the expression suits better. If Judge Ellis is really willing to do for a Fayetteville work what the Observer thinks ought to be done—if even a Wilmington Editor share the same feeling, why carp and get crabbed?

Verily we see no good that can possibly arise from the adoption of such a course, but a good deal of harm. We will not say that the Democrats are the dominant power in the State, although it is so, or that the constant expression of the belief that they won't do what is right towards Fayetteville, and that they don't mean to do so even when they say it, is not the best means to obtain what is wanted. The Observer, apparently don't expect any assistance, and surely could not complain if none were given. We differ from the Observer. We think that State aid will be given to the Fayetteville road, we feel as certain as we do of our existence that Judge Ellis, if elected, will recommend it, and of his election we have no reasonable doubt.

These remarks are written in no feeling of unkindness on our part. We have tried so to shape our course as to avoid all motive for the perpetration of any jealousy or ill-feeling between the two towns of the Cape Fear—the two towns which ought to be not only the first in wealth and trade, but the closest in friendship and alliance of any in the State. The Observer, with many things in it which we admire and respect, has not met us fairly on this ground. Its ability, character and influence has all been turned in another direction. It has been anxious to pick flaws—to excite ridicule, more apparently in bitterness than in sport, and ever and always to increase by some sly hit calculated to raise up and increase in the minds of its readers a prejudice against Wilmington, and measurably, against all the rest of mankind. Whether this be right and prudent we leave to its own good sense to say.—Daily Journal, 30th ult.

Judge Ellis and the Fayetteville and Western R. R. We take pleasure in being able to offer our contemporary of the Observer, and the citizens of Fayetteville generally, the positive assurance that all the doubts or suspicions, raised relative to any change of Judge Ellis' position, with reference to their road are wholly groundless. In order to do this satisfactorily, we are induced to devote from our usual course, and take the liberty of making an extract from a private letter from Judge Ellis, to one of the Editors of this paper, dated Rutherford, July 29th, 1898.

Speaking of our former reference to this matter he says: "You are right. The query of Mr. Woodfin referred exclusively to the Western Extension. His note shows it. Before the same audience, and at the same time I declared myself for the Fayetteville and Coal Fields Road, and the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Road, unequivocally, as heretofore. I read from the Observer of the 24th of May, giving an account of my speech at Fayetteville, and also from the Journal giving an account of the Clinton discussion, as expressing my views on the question of Railroads. I have read from the Journal on every stump since, as expressing my authorized views. The audience at Asheville bear witness to the above."

We really think this ought to be satisfactory. It is what we knew all along and we trust that this plain statement to us of Judge Ellis' position, will give others the same assurance. It shows nothing new—it makes no new promises, but it removes all suspicion of any change or any abandonment of any position assumed at the outside by the Democratic candidate.

The thermometer away up in the nineties is rather suggestive of quiet latitude than of vehement exertion.

The vital action is languid, the nerves are unstrung, the muscles unvigorous, and even the mind refuses to perform its accustomed functions, or answer the casts made upon it without painful exertion. The very bees hum drowsily, the dogs stretch themselves out in the shade with hardly energy enough to pant, and forget even to bite the flies. The birds retire into their leafy coverts, the world is without signs of animation, save among the politicians and mosquitoes. It is the heated term. An ardent and somewhat excited and exciting political canvass draws to a close, and even its few remaining days appear to drag lazily along, while spite of the weather the efforts of candidates and aspirants become only the more powerful and unremitting. It is hot work, and we should think hard work. Even to us sitting writing it is something to survive through—something, the recurrence of which we dread. Why should elections and the fourth of July and all manner of exciting events come in the middle of our most tropical summer. Man is a salamander and can stand nearly anything, but boys can stand more. We noticed the other night, a big just-as hot as the hot day which it closed, a night just as burning as the day at which one of the Candidates for Sheriff was addressing his fellow citizens, and around the burning barrel, feeding the flame with fresh barrels was a crowd of boys who seemed as happy as clams and jays as young kittens.

This forenoon, a little before eleven o'clock, we saw a white man—a man with a good-looking clean shaved face, and a person clad in good clothes, lying on the ground in an alley, dead to all around him, without sensation enough left to brush off, or even to feel the flies that settled on his face. It is an unusual sight in our quiet town—a painful one anywhere. Of course, the man has been removed by this time, and taken care of. The hard, hot, fiery dregs indulged in by nearly all classes of people in America, under the denominations of whiskey, brandy, gin, and so forth, are totally unadapted to the climate or to the temperament of the people. In the Highlands of Scotland, or the North and West of Ireland, or in Russia or the Scandinavian Peninsula, or Northern Germany, these things are comparatively innocuous. Not so with us.

It is useless to talk about total abstinence. We think it would be better if it could be made the rule, but the experience of mankind shows that it never has been and never will be. Something men will have. Let it be something suited to the climate, like the light wines of France, or the beer of Belgium; but distilled spirits in a Southern summer, is ruinous to our health as people.

Daily Journal, 30th ult.

"TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NEW YORK." Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide of June has on page 27 a "Time Indicator," which shows the difference of time between various cities in the United States. When it is twelve o'clock in New York, it is:
At Boston, Mass., 12 minutes past 12
At Portland, Maine, 16 minutes past 12
At Philadelphia, Pa., 55 minutes past 11
At Baltimore, Md., 50 minutes past 11
At Richmond, Va., 46 minutes past 11
At Buffalo, N. Y., 40 minutes past 11
At Charleston, S. C., 36 minutes past 11
At Pittsburgh, Pa., 35 minutes past 11
At Wheeling, Va., 34 minutes past 11
At Cleveland, Ohio, 30 minutes past 11
At Augusta, Ga., 29 minutes past 11
At Detroit, Michigan, 24 minutes past 11
At Columbus, Ohio, 24 minutes past 11
At Cincinnati, Ohio, 20 minutes past 11
At Indianapolis, Ind., 14 minutes past 11
At Louisville, Ky., 14 minutes past 11
At Chicago, Ill., 10 minutes past 11
At New Orleans, La., 55 minutes past 10
At St. Louis, Missouri, 55 minutes past 10
At St. Paul, Minn., 55 minutes past 10

Poor old North Carolina—even Raleigh—is entirely omitted in the above table. Poor old soul—the good old State will have to keep trying to survive the times, and creep along after her good old fashion. Wonder if it is possible to show how the "Indicator" stands in Wilmington.

Elections are held to-day (Monday) in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky, and we think, Kansas. So, in fact, all the August elections will begin to roll in upon us about the close of the week. The election in Kansas is for this purpose:—The English Bill in effect says: "We (Congress) admit you with the constitution your convention has framed, but we cannot accede to the condition precedent. We cannot give you the amount of land you claim as the condition of waiving the power of taxation over United States property. We will give you what other new States have got. You take this or leave it. This is the question—not your constitution." So, if the people of Kansas decide to take the amount of land given them, Kansas is a State, if not, then not.

Further from Europe.

New York, July 30.—The steamer Hammonia, from Southampton, with London dates to the 15th, a few hours later than brought by the Europa, has arrived. Consols closed unchanged.

Turkey, besides punishing the authors of the Jeddah massacre, offers to pay 150,000 francs to the families of the British and French consuls.

Hostilities had commenced between the Musselmans and Rayahs in Bosnia.

It was reported at Warsaw that there would soon be a general uprising in Turkey.

The Russians have been beaten by the Circassians, with a loss of 1,800 men and eight guns.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Official advice confirm the previously received intelligence that the Emperor of China has appointed an official of satisfied rank to confer with the peace commissioners. This is regarded at Hong Kong as an important step towards an amicable arrangement of the difficulties between the contending parties.

The railroad companies with whom a contract was made to carry the mails between Washington and New Orleans in forty days, communicating with the post office, have not yet performed the service within that time. This failure will doubtless engage the attention of the Postmaster General when he returns to Washington. It is caused partly by an insufficiency of the means of transportation over about seventy miles of country between the unfinished railroads from Goodman's Depot and Water Valley in Mississippi. The large amount of mail matter which there accumulates has, by telegraph, been directed to be sent to New Orleans by way of the Mississippi river.

The United States sloop of war Dale was at Santa Cruz, Tenerife Island, on the 9th June. Commander Blair reports to the Navy Department that the officers and crew were in good health. Of the one hundred and seven previously on the sick list two had died. The Vincennes had returned to Porto Praya, and the Marion had gone South.

Nugent, the special agent to New Caledonia, will leave New York in the California steamer of the 5th of August. His instructions are in course of preparation. He will take out dispatches from Lord Napier to Governor Douglas.

According to a telegraphic dispatch, Secretary Floyd will inspect the works at Harper's Ferry to-morrow, and resume the business of the War Department on Monday.

The Secretary of the Interior is expected to return from Mississippi to-morrow.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—The Syracuse Journal mentions the following incident of the death of William Kehoe, mail carrier at Amsterdam. He was the owner of a large black dog, who usually accompanied him while in the performance of his duties, and a mail bag was generally given him to carry to the cars. On the morning of the fatal accident, Mr. K. had put his bags aboard, and turned to take the one from his faithful dog, when the engine struck him and killed him almost instantly. These words were the last he uttered. He followed the carrier who could induce him to touch it. He followed the carrier to the cars, remained until the mail was safe in the baggage car, all the while running up and down the track as if seeking his master.

The Greenfield, Mass. Gazette has the following notice of a sickly town, that appears to be suffering with the ben fever.

"We regret to learn that it is quite sickly in Montague, so much so that the town liquor agent has sold \$150 worth of liquors for medicinal purposes since the 1st of April."

Highly Important from Utah.

March of the Army through Salt Lake City—Its Quarters at Cedar Valley—Return of the Mormons—Brigham Young's Return.

We find in the New York papers some interesting news from Great Salt Lake City, concerning the arrival there of the United States troops. The Tribune has letters from that city to the 3d of July. One of its correspondents writes:

The army arrived on Saturday, occupying ten hours in its passage through the city to the camp beyond the Jordan. The advanced guard, commanded by Brevet Col. Smith of the 10th infantry, consisted of Capt. De Saussure's company of the 1st cavalry, Capt. Marcy's of the 5th infantry, and Capt. Gardner's of the 10th, and a section of Phelps's battery, under Lieut. Howard. The headquarters moved with the advance. General Johnston was attended only by his regular staff, and by the commissioners who rode out from the city at an early hour to meet him.

The advance emerged from Emigration Canyon about 7 1/2 o'clock, and after a brief halt on the bench directly above the city, descended into the streets and pursued a route towards the Jordan, which led past Brigham Young's mansion and Lion House, the House of the Temple square, and the house of W. C. Staines, which Governor Cummins is a guest. It was followed by the 10th infantry, Phelps's battery, the 5th infantry, Reno's battery, Colonel Loring's battalion, (consisting of companies of the 6th and 7th infantry and of the mounted riflemen, Col. Bee's volunteer battalion and the 2d dragons. Each regiment and battalion was followed by its wagon train. The sun was just setting when the dragons crossed the bridge over the Jordan.

All the flags which had been flying ever since last Sunday from the staffs on Main street, were struck by the Mormons during the passage of the troops. Most of the men who had been attracted from the south by curiosity, watched the procession through the cracks between the boards with which their windows were barred. The city seemed as dead as on the day our little party of Gentiles entered it a fortnight ago. The only groups of visible spectators were on the corner near the Temple square. A correspondent of the Herald says:

The Mormons were greatly surprised at the vast number of wagons connected with the army. Each division was followed by its wagons; so there was a body of troops and their baggage, and a column of wagons driven through the city at full trot. The day was intensely hot, man and beast sweating copiously. Dense clouds of dust were raised by the advance of the wagons, the men perspiring with labor and the heat, and enveloped by the dust; their faces, covered with sweat, were recoiled with dust, till they looked as black as the earth upon which they trod. The Mormons greatly admired the military bands, particularly the excellent one pertaining to the tenth infantry. Not a man left the ranks in passing through the city: not a stick nor stone belonging to Zion was touched; the army passed through it as hastily as possible, and then shook the dust from off their feet by leaping into the Jordan for a bath, which every man did and cooled. It was night before the last of the army and its appurtenances got through the city. All camped beyond Jordan. On the 27th ult. numerous officers entered the city: about 50 of them took dinner at the Globe. No soldiers, however, were permitted to cross the troubled stream of Jordan. Everything passed off quietly in the city. Some of the Saints, however, complained of the freedom with which a few of the officers expressed their opinions, and that the 28th ult., Gen. Johnston, with his staff, and Major McCulloch and Dr. Hurt, started in search of a permanent camp. They passed west to Great Salt Lake, would round the foot of the West Mountains and then turned south to Rush Valley. They returned to the army last night.

During the trip Major McCulloch, who was gratifying his adventurous spirit by a two-day spin, got into the mountain and was lost. Experiences, however, he taught him never to feel so, regarding the points of the compass, he made up his mind as to the direction of the army, and ceasing the endeavor to return to his immediate companions, struck across the mountains for the army, arriving there early yesterday morning, after a fatiguing journey.

On Tuesday, the 29th ult., the army, under Col. Anderson, the senior officer present, struck their tents and moved up the Jordan (southward) ten miles. On the 30th the march was resumed, but directed west to what are here called the Western mountains—that is the mountains on the Western side of this valley. The army is now encamped at the foot of said mountains, some twenty miles distant.

In a few days the army will move down to Cedar Valley, about forty miles south and west from this place, and ten miles west of Lehi. It will probably winter there and in the adjacent valleys. Cedar Valley is beyond the Jordan river, and lies between the foot of the first and the body of the second mountain west of this valley.

The Mormons have begun to return to their homes; numbers have already arrived in this city, and others are on the way. Brigham and Heber Kimball arrived day before yesterday; their families arrived yesterday. Within a week it is expected that the major part of the population of this city will have returned. Whether the Gentiles will be able to get rooms and better accommodations than we now have is questionable. The Mormons informed me that they designed and desired to return to their homes a month ago, but were prevented by a movement of the army, as they considered, contrary to the binding promise of the commissioners. Said movement destroyed their confidence in the execution of the arrangements that had been completed; so they determined to remain south of the army passed, so as to see what would be done by it.

From letters in the New York Times we learn that Brigham Young had not ceased his fulminations against the federal government. A discourse delivered by him at Provo, abounded in vulgar personal reflections upon the President, denouncing him as a "driving old dotard." A correspondent of the Times says of the audience to which Young held forth:

A glance at the audience shows that three-fourths of it is composed of women, all dressed with exceeding plainness, not to say coarseness, but many of them exceedingly pretty or interesting in personal appearance, notwithstanding these disadvantages. I was struck with the fact that all seemed to have brought with them their infants upon their knees. The exceeding youth of some of these mothers could not escape attention. One, at least, so near me, could scarcely have been fifteen years older than her babe, if even that.

The refugee Mormons at Provo were living in tents, many in lodges made of willow twigs, and still others under the shade of roofs made of straw willow blankets or carpets stretched upon a frame work of poles. With all these comforts was out of the question, but thousands have nevertheless submitted in silence to the order of priests, which consigned them to such a mode of life. The writer paid a visit to Brigham Young's "laurel," which had been removed to Provo. Of this visit he remarks:

Such glances as I obtained showed me that Brigham is a man of some taste, and that his spirituals are generally fine looking women—some of them, indeed, quite pretty, and all of them, so far as I could judge, intelligent. I suppose I saw in the shanty "quarters" thirty women; but whether they were all of them wives of the prophet, or whether they constituted his entire household, of course I am not informed.

The general impression here seems to be that he is nearly or quite fifty years. He only claims to have forty children living, having had forty-seven altogether. This, doubtless, is the highest figure he can claim, as the pride and boast of a large number of children subject to the nurse and the care of their own servants, and the nurses of their own children. To see them dusting under the overhanging eaves of the shanties just at dusk, with their numerous children hanging around them, all crying, chattering at once, was certainly suggestive of a founding hospital.

We were curious to know whether these women were happy in the strange life they lead, and a glance at their faces impressed us with the conviction that they were the happiness of stolid listlessness, an existence in which all the higher and holier sentiments of refinement and affection had been sacrificed upon the altar of fanaticism. They seemed to me to be virtuous—willing, perhaps, and resigned; but nevertheless unhappy victims of self-inflicted tortures, by which they hoped to merit a reward. To a few of them, perhaps, these remarks would not apply. Some of the younger females appeared thoughtless or reckless, but the elder, who were educated in circles where woman was queen rather than vassal slave, were their chains evidently with inward murmurings.

WHAT TO DO WHEN A BOAT UPSETS.—The mode practised by the natives of the Pacific Islands, when their canoes are upset at a distance from the shore, and with whom it is an object to save the boat, as well as their lives, is thus: They sustain themselves by joining hands across the bottom of the boat, and use the other hand to paddle home, changing hands when fatigue prompts it. It is surprising how long persons can sustain themselves in this way.

Said a woman to an old maid, "My husband is not so good a husband as he should be, but he is a powerful right better than none."

QUACK NOSTRUM.—The majority of hair washes, hair dyes, hair tonics, hair oils, and the numberless preparations which are now before the public under such extravagant, hyperbolic and fantastic titles as we see paraded in show-window cards, and newspaper headings, as hair preparations, are shams of the first water; they do not meet, when they possess any, is that they do harm. Hog's lard, whale oil, lard oil, castor oil, scented and colored, make up, when in beautiful wrappings, and white flint glass bottles, the costliest character of tonics, and when thus costly, are baptised with some tri-syllable term, and caught at by verdant young and old of both sexes. Such is not the character of Professor Wood's Hair Restorative. This gentleman came before the world without any "high flanging" X-ray apparatus, or any other astounding and startling catch-penny term; he simply advertised a Hair Restorative—what it expresses, precisely—and as a Restorative it acts. Buy Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, and as you value your scalp, lay, your very brains, apply nothing else: for it may be that you will have more sense than to put perfume on your cranium. Remember Wood's Restorative for the Hair is the best article extant.

The "Haw River House" property of Gen. B. Trolinger, of Alamance, and which cost him \$8,000, was sold a few days since to the late General, for \$1,283. Geo. W. Swenson & Co., of Caswell, becoming the purchasers. This establishment is now, and has been for several months back, kept by Capt. A. A. Mitchell, formerly the popular host of the Caswell House, Yadonville. Travelers on the N. C. Central Road, who have patronized the Haw River House under the administration of Capt. Mitchell, speak in the highest terms of their fare.

We understand that he is applicant for the proprietorship of a new Hotel at the Company's Shops. Mitchell is the very man for this place.—Nature chalked him out for it, and fortunate will it be for the traveling public over that Road if he keeps the Hotel at the Shops. We know of no man who would likely give greater satisfaction.—Milton Chronicle.

The Course of True Love.

About thirty years ago, says the Louisville Journal, when Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was a bridegroom and the present Lady Bulwer was a bride, the latter published a series of coarse, fierce and vulgar novels and pamphlets against him, and that, after a few more years, she grew to be a sturdy, red-faced and muscular woman, would pursue him in his canvass for parliament, take her stand upon the hustings in reply to his public speeches, call upon him to confront him, shout "coward" at him in his precipitate flight from her presence, and announce her determination to persecute him till he should cry for mercy, and humbly make her amends for all his villainies.

EXACT